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POEM

ONTHE

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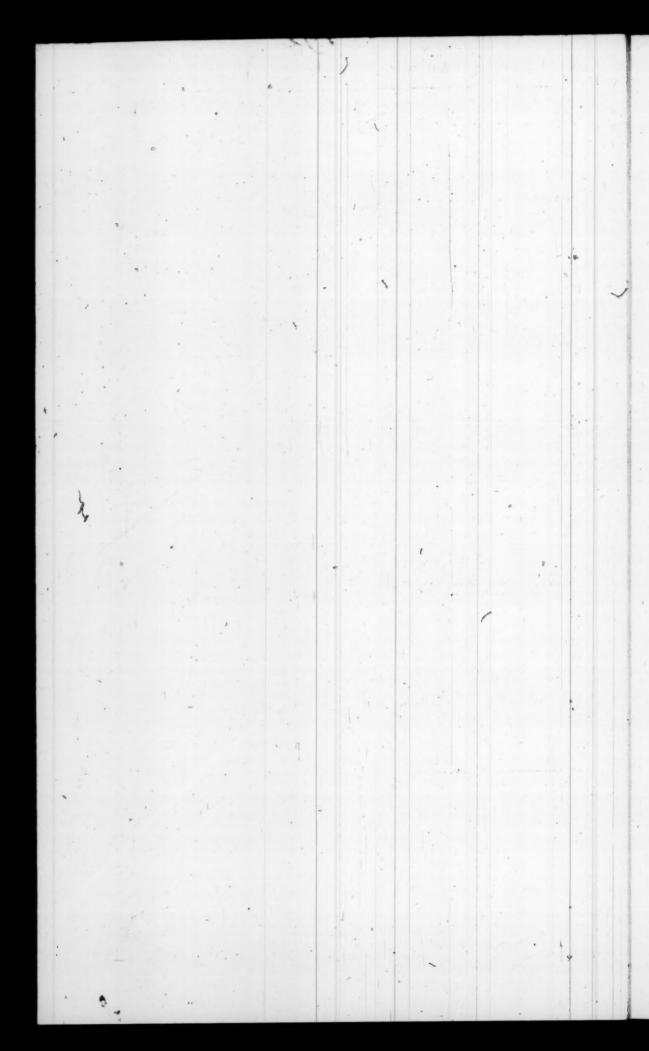
QUEEN

By a Gentlewoman of Quality.

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POEM.

Reat Britain now for many Years must Mourn. MARIA's Dead, the Best that fill'd a Throne; Yet thou lift struck in deepest Lethargie, And can'ft not yet thy greatest Sorrows see; Weep then, and let thy Tears for ever run. As Exhalations drawn up by the Sun: Let every thing within thy Island ly Useless in Silence, and stand neglected by Nor let the Day break from on high Put on here her Gaudy Livery, But be as Mute and Negligent as we. What need be Spring or Summer here, That fuch a Badge of Sorrows wear? Or Sun or Moon to give us Light? Here wants no Day, but a perpetual Night. The Pious MART She is gone on High, And Seated in the Heavenly Hierarchy; And Weeping Albion now can only raife Monuments to Her Eternal Praise; Proud to Record it throughout all the Earth, That here this Virtuous Queen first had her Birth. No Tongue can tell, nor Pen can write the Story Of MART's Praise, of MART's Everlasting Glory? But hold, Great Britain yet, and be not drown'd in Grief, You may Lament, but here you'll find relief; Stay then thy Floods of Tears, MARIA has left behind A King that's Great, Good, Merciful and Kind,

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A Prince that's Fam'd abroad, Belov'd at home, Fights for your Cause, and values not a Throne; Mars in the Field, Solomon at Council-Board, Mildly sways the Scepter, siercely brandishes the Sword; Sticks at no Pains, Great Britain to defend, Exposing His Royal Person purely for that end; But when Proud Lewis to Fetters he can bring, He'll value not to be Albanion's King, A Place too narrow for so great a Spirit, The VVorld one Empire, were not worth his Merit: Sent from Above, where MART She is gone, Heaven could not spare them both, but leaves us one.

The Procession.

Ha! What is't I see, what do my Eyes behold? An Open Chariot of the purest Gold, In which is feated full of Majesty, Either some Mighty Princess or some Deity; Encompass'd round she is on every side VVith Cherubims, and wing'd Angels are her Guide; All hush'd in Silence at this glorious Sight, Brighter than Day, though in the darkest Night. Ha! furely yet I Dream, or am not well awake, Who is't that doth this Solemn Progress take? Affift me Gods, and let me quickly know, Whether this Glorious Light intends to go: What Place is fit this Guest to entertain. That has fo many Thousands in her Train. Leave off vain Man, and thou wilt quickly fee No Earthly Temple can her Reception be: Her Pious Soul to Heaven's already gone, Her Earthly Body's going to a guilded Throne, Where Albion now can only make Hecatombs to MAR T's ever bleffed flate; And Round the Quire fit and fing Praises to Heaven for our most Gracious King.

